

# Zion's Herald.

VOLUME LXVII.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1889.

NUMBER 41.

## Zion's Herald.

PUBLISHED BY THE  
Boston Wesleyan Association,  
36 Bromfield Street, Boston.  
CHARLES PARKHURST, Editor.  
ALONZO S. WEED, Publisher.

All stationers and printers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.  
Price including postage, \$2.50 per year.  
Specimen Copies Free.

### THE OUTLOOK.

The University of Pennsylvania falls into line with other institutions of high grade in throwing open its doors to women. Whether the admission will be unrestricted or not, the trustees will decide. The faculty appear to be willing to adopt co-education, but the trustees may prefer an "annex."

The trustees of the Peabody Education Fund disbursed \$68,000 in their charitable school work in the South last year. As a result of re-investment, the income from the fund for the present year will be considerably increased. Only eight years now remain before the final distribution of the principal, which now amounts to about \$2,000,000.

Elections occurred in the four new States last week, the Republicans being successful in the two Dakotas and Washington, and the issue being still in doubt in Montana. The State Constitutions were all adopted. Pierre was selected as the capital of South Dakota against seven competing cities, and the usual boom in real estate at once set in. Prohibition was carried in that State by a substantial majority; it appears to have been defeated in North Dakota.

A convention has been recently held in Topeka for the purpose of enlisting governmental aid towards securing a deep-water port on the northwest coast of the Gulf of Mexico, capable of admitting the largest vessels. This is the outcome of a movement to reduce the expensive railroad transportation of corn, wheat, cattle and pork, designed for export. Congress appointed last year a board of engineers to make the necessary surveys in furtherance of this scheme, and an appropriation of \$10,000,000 will now be solicited to carry out the recommendations of this board.

The energetic measures taken by the European powers to suppress the slave trade on the East African coast have been so successful that the blockade was raised on the 1st inst., and the vessels on duty were relieved. Madagascar is no longer a market since the queen's recent decree emancipating all slaves in her country and guaranteeing freedom to every one that landed, has been promulgated. Pemba, the clove island north of Zanzibar and the grave of thousands of hapless victims from Nyassaland, is closed to the trader. The Comoro Islands are likewise prohibited land. Turkey has shut her Arabian ports to the slave shows. The traffic has practically ceased.

Seventeen independent American States were represented in the International Congress which assembled on the 21st inst. at Washington and arranged a preliminary organization. Mr. Blaine's speech of welcome was graceful and fitting, a model of its kind. "No conference of nations has ever assembled," he said, "to consider the welfare of territorial possessions so vast, and to contemplate the possibilities of a future so great and so inspiring." He believed that the delegates whom he addressed could do much "to establish permanent relations of confidence, respect and friendship between the nations whom they represent." He expressed the belief that "we should be drawn together more closely by the highways of the sea," and predicted that "at no distant day the railway system of the North and South will meet upon the isthmus, and connect by land routes the political and commercial capitals of all America." At the close of the address Mr. Blaine was selected to preside over the deliberations of the Congress, and committees were appointed to facilitate its business when it reconvenes on the 18th of November. The delegates are now on their travels as guests of the nation. They were fortunate in reaching West Point in time for the interesting ceremony of the presentation to the Academy of the portraits of Generals Grant, Sheridan and Sherman by Mr. George W. Childs.

There was nothing bitter or intemperate in the language of the resolutions adopted by the National Civil Service Reform League at its annual meeting in Philadelphia last week, or in the address of President Curtis, and yet the terms used were severely condemnatory of the present administration. Its seven months of power were declared to be months of flagrant infidelity to the most solemn pledges. The Civil Service Act is "seriously endangered" by the selection of unsympathetic, if not hostile, persons as "heads of departments in the classified service." "Eminent Senators and Representatives of the party since with warm heart at the cant of reform and dog the President for patronage." "There was never a more comprehensive and significant declaration of reform made in a party platform than that under which the present administration came into power. But no party ever broke faith with itself and with the country more completely." The President has "abdicated his constitutional power of appointment," in favor of partisan leaders, "thus enabling them to debauch constituencies and control elections." "The ablest and most serviceable of experienced public officers are dismissed

like messenger boys. There is no other civilized government which pursues in its public service a course which the President has truly described as 'brutal,' and which he has chosen to pursue." This is a sharp arraignment, and we are sorry to admit that it is as true as it is fearless. The removal of 15,000 village postmasters in half a year, the 2400 changes in the railway mail service in the same period, the refusal of the President to apply the civil service rules to the census bureau, are acts for which no justifiable excuse can be given. It is no cause for wonder that Mr. Dorman B. Eaton should present to the League an extended argument in favor of a single term only for one elected to the office of President of the United States, or that Mr. Richard H. Dana should insist that the League should concentrate its efforts upon some measure by which "the Post Office can be taken out of politics."

Clark University, Worcester, was formally started last week, upon its high career, with an inaugural address by President G. Stanley Hall, a paper explanatory of the purposes of the institution by its founder, Mr. Jonas G. Clark, and remarks by Senator Hoar, Col. J. D. Washburn, Dr. E. E. Hale, and Judge Devens. The exercises were opened and closed with prayer. The academic staff of this unique venture numbers at present fourteen, all of them specialists and selected with extreme care. Only forty students have been accepted, and probably not many more will be received the first year, it being the aim of the institution not to hamper its professors with too much teaching, and to emphasize investigation rather than direct instruction. A select body of students of guaranteed scientific training and ability and approved power to teach will be gradually gathered, on whom will be conferred individually the rank and title of "docent," who will be available as professors or assistant professors in colleges. The quarters of the new institution consist of a plain, substantial central building of brick and granite, 204 feet by 114, four stories in height. Adjoining it at the south end is another large structure or wing containing about fifty rooms, and designed for a chemical laboratory. The foundations of a third building, on the opposite end, have been laid. The heating, lighting, ventilation and equipment of these buildings are of the most superior kind. Time only appears to be needed for this latest-born of our universities to realize its high purposes.

The annual conference of the friends of the Indian was held at Lake Mohonk, N. Y., last week, and drew together a distinguished company, including Indian Commissioner Morgan, ex-President Hayes, ex-Justice Strong of the U. S. Supreme Court, President Selye of South College, Judge A. S. Draper of Albany, Herbert Welsh, Dr. E. E. Hale, Prof. Francis Wayland, Gen. O. O. Howard, Gen. John Eaton, Gen. Armstrong, H. O. Houghton of this city, Dr. Lyman Abbott, and Rev. Dr. Childs of Washington. Gen. Clinton B. Fisk was chosen president for the seventh successive session. A review of progress made during the year was given by Gen. Whiteley. Mr. Houghton read a paper on "The Best Methods of Prosecuting the Work in the Future." Commissioner Morgan outlined the policy of his bureau. The condition of the Indians in New York State was carefully considered. Prof. Painter read a paper on "The Indian and his Property," pointing out certain grave defects in recent legislation. The platform adopted reaffirms previous utterances, approves the policy of Commissioner Morgan for comprehensive and compulsory education by the government in harmonious concurrence with the work of the churches and of philanthropic societies, recommends the absolute separation from party mutations of appointments to office in connection with Indian education, emphasizes the Christian and missionary work of the churches as fundamental to the education and civilization of the Indians, and affirms that the time has come when these wards of the nation are ready for the duties, responsibilities and privileges of American citizenship. The conference was a very successful and suggestive one. No sentiment of deference was warmly applauded than the following by ex-President Hayes: "So gratified am I," said he, "with the methods and spirit of this conference, that I cannot but hope the day will soon come when that weaker race—not of 250,000, but of 6,000,000—shall have some such organization as this to assist it in its efforts to rise to the stature of full American citizenship."

That mysterious and inaccessible country, the land of the Lamas, which has been so jealously guarded from alien intrusion, has been recently visited by an American—Col. W. W. Rockhill, for many years secretary of legation at the Dragon Court. Leaving Peking last December, and disdaining all governmental help, this heroic explorer succeeded in crossing the whole extent of Eastern Tibet, incurring numerous hardships and not a few perils, but gathering data which cannot fail to add substantially to our knowledge of this vast and elevated region where the Ganges and Brahmaputra have their sources, and the soil of a part of which has never been pressed by European feet. His success was due to his thorough Mongolian disguise, to his familiarity with the Chinese and Tibetan languages, and to his willingness to travel with but few attendants, and subsist on the food of the country. His first stopping-place in Tibet was at Kumbum, where there is a great and sacred Lamasery. Thence skirting the great Ko-ko-nu Lake and crossing the Tsaidam desert, he went over the Kuen Lun range at 16,000 feet, and explored the sources of the Yellow River. He had proposed to go thence to Lhasa, but having been told that a Russian expedition had recently passed through to this capital city (a fabrication as he afterwards heard), he turned his course to the southeast, through a country never penetrated by a Westerner before. "Traveling first through a wilderness at an elevation of 14,000 feet, where the cold and constant snow storms made respiration difficult, and where he saw little but herds of yak and wild asses and bear and deer; passing the country of the fierce and ungovernable Golok or renegade Tibetan, without being detected as a foreigner, his Mongol guide finally announced that he was lost. Hunting around, however, they finally found the tents of a powerful chief, who, being conciliated by presents, at last consented to do what he had never done before, and give a guide. It was just here at the Drachu, or Yang Tse river, that Gen. Prijevsky, the Russian explorer, the greatest and most successful of Rockhill's predecessors, was turned back." By the aid of this chief, he was able to push on to Kanza, and thence, by Chinese help, to Tachien Lu, the first Chinese town across the border, where he arrived on the first of July. The name of this explorer will be placed among the gallant few, when his exploits are better known.

The triennial session of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which opened in New York city last Wednesday, and which will probably continue its deliberations through the present month, promises to be one of great interest and importance. It is composed of two houses—an upper and a lower—the first consisting of the bishops, sixty-five in number, and the second of delegates, clerical and lay, to the number of about four hundred; and the opening session had a special significance in occurring on the centennial of the date of the union of these great governing bodies of that church. Among the changes to be considered are certain revisions of the Prayer Book, the improvement of the Hymnal, the basis of representation in the General Convention, and the name of the Church. These questions, however, are not uppermost, but the convention realizes "the awful problems" that confront Christianity—"the centralization of swarms of souls in the cities, the concentration of the wealth of the nation in fewer hands, competition making a life-and-death struggle for bread"—was apparent from the noble utterances of Bishop Whipple, who preached the opening sermon. We quote some of his most significant sentences:—"We are perplexed by the unbelief and sin of our time. The Christian faith is assailed to its very soul as it has never been assailed before. The intellectual criticism of divine revelation, the opposition of alleged scientific facts, and a Cornishian worldliness whose motto is, 'Eat and drink, for tomorrow we die.' In many places Christian homes are being out of existence. Crime and impurity are coming in as a flood, and anarchy raises its hated form in a land where men are equal before the law. The lines between the church and the world are dim. Never did greater problems confront a council of the church. An apostolic church has graver work than discussing about its name or the amending of its canons and rules. There is much honest unbelief. In these years of humanity, in its clubs, brotherhoods, and orders; in their reasonings about all things with their brothers, and in their unhesitating professions of 'all men are the children of one God and Father. Denunciation will not silence unbelief. The name of infidelity has lost its terror. There is only one remedy. It is in the spirit, the power, and the love of Jesus Christ. Philosophy cannot touch the want. It is of no good to grasp, no saviour to trust, no God to save. When men see in us the love of God, the love of God, they will believe in the brotherhood of men and the fatherhood of God."

"We are living at the eventide of the world, when all things point toward the second coming of our King. God has placed the English-speaking people in the forefront of the nations. They number one-sixth of the human family, and I believe God calls them to do the work of the last time. The wealth of the world is largely in Christian hands. There never have been such opportunities for Christian work—never such a harvest as at this hour. There is only one remedy. It is in the spirit, the power, and the love of Jesus Christ. Philosophy cannot touch the want. It is of no good to grasp, no saviour to trust, no God to save. When men see in us the love of God, the love of God, they will believe in the brotherhood of men and the fatherhood of God."

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### REVERENCE, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

BY BISHOP F. D. HUNTINGTON.

"Oh, yes; no doubt, reverence is very fine and very beautiful, a very good thing for a certain kind of people. That is, it is a very good thing in old times; it was well enough for those who liked it, or were born to it; but many of them seemed to take it for religion, and nowadays we can get along well enough without it."

"But are you sure of that? We can get along, after a fashion, in buying and selling, in raising crops and running machinery, in managing politics and ornamenting parlors; but do you think we can get along well enough in being just the kind of men and women God made us to be and meant us to be, His obedient and worshiping children, growing in the stature of Christian believers, humble and patient and holy, without reverence?"

"Well, I don't know. What do you mean by reverence?"

"I mean that which is the root-sentiment of everything religious in us, in you and me. To be religious I must believe thoroughly in a world, in beings, in realities above me and far above me. God, Christ, the Comforter, living Persons, must be real and distinct, yet immeasurably exalted over me. I must believe in Revelation, God's message, for me and all mankind. If I believe that, I must believe in angels and archangels and all the company of heaven. The more I think of this the more I see and feel how unspokeably below them, in every way, I am, how little, how weak, how insignificant. Above all, in my Lord is everything that I can admire and honor, love and wish to be. And so, when ever my thoughts are turned in any way to Him, whatever else I may feel towards Him, I must feel reverence."

"I see, but do you think this is a separate part of us, a particular faculty of our minds?"

"All the talk of metaphysicians and other philosophers about 'faculties,' my friend, is a jargon; and the philosophers are finding it out. These 'faculties' are not things outside of us or inside of us, not parts or sections of us. They are simply ourselves thinking, acting, feeling, willing, in a particular way."

You are a unit, not a patchwork, or mosaic, or machine; and you cannot be taken apart. What I know is that when I take knowledge of a conscious and living Person, who is indescribable in majesty, in loveliness, almighty and yet tender, spotless in purity, glorious in holiness, unbending in justice, unyielding in truth, undisturbed in serenity, what I feel towards Him is unlike any other feeling. I am sure there is love in it, and faith, and wonder, but the name of it is reverence. Nothing else takes the place of it, or expresses it, or signifies it. Unless this feeling were strong, lively and habitual in a man, I really do not see how he can be a Christian such as Christ taught us to be. It puts us into a frame or attitude different from anything else. It moves me to worship, and I could not worship without it. Do you understand?"

"Why, I think I do, though I seem not to have thought about it in just that way before. Don't you believe, however, that people can perform their duties, and be good neighbors and useful members of society, and do about right, without much of this that you speak of? Christianity, I take it, is something practical. We are living in this world. I believe in good conduct and a good character."

"I am glad you do; so do I. Do you know of any such characters, anywhere, who have not had shed upon them the influence, the quickening and guiding and uplifting and purifying influence, of Christianity, directly or indirectly? Think of it, please."

"No name seems to come to my mind."

"Well, Christianity is throughout one thing. All we know about it is in one readable, intelligible book. Looking fairly and honestly at it, do you find that it teaches that there is or can be anywhere a community of people having a high morality without faith, or obeying God without worshipping Him, or living rightly in this world without believing in the unseen, superhuman, supersensual world?"

"Perhaps not; but what then?"

"Why, this first—that the true disciple of Christ is he who bears about in his spirit an abiding sense of the blended graciousness and awfulness of the things of God, who has the stamp of this tender and subdued feeling of divine realities upon his manners, looks, tones, movements, whenever the unseen and everlasting realities come before him or are mentioned; and that our modern piety has lost much of its original character and its refining power if it has lost its reverential habit."

"But may it not be that, in these days of progress, we have only changed the objects of our veneration; that men now reverence humanity, philanthropy, integrity, social reforms and advanced ideas?"

"To that question I make three answers: You are cheating yourself by a misuse of words, i. e., you take a word which has a special and definite significance and apply it to abstractions and qualities to which it is not applicable. Then you transfer your admiration and sympathy—it is not reverence—without authority or permission, from objects to which God's Word everywhere tells us reverence belongs, to substitutes of your own fancy. And then you assume that certain virtues—justice, purity, charity—can be cultivated and secured in an irreverent mind; whereas justice can be perfect only in communion with the infinitely Just One, and purity can be perfect only by the cleansing energy of a stainless heart, and charity can be perfect only by the breath of the boundless love of a forgiving and self-sacrificing Lord."

"Suppose I grant that. Still, I know what you want; you want what you call reverence in external signs, in bowed head, closed eyes, beaded knees, soft and deliberate speech, in short, in the whole man. You insist on putting the material along with the spiritual."

"Not to cover up or hide the spiritual, but to reveal it. No matter what I want. The question is what God wants. When He made men souls He made them bodies; and in this world we know nothing of any taking of these apart which is not death. In fact, He has informed us that there are spiritual bodies. His religion is for the whole man, and must follow the law of life in the human constitution. The bodily or material part, we find, not only becomes a language expressing the spiritual part; we are so made that by its adaptations its expression strengthens and quickens the spiritual. Our communications with one another are largely independent of words. All social intercourse is a system of symbols, in gesture, posture, features. We disclose by them our respect for our fellow-men; why not our reverence for God?"

"Is it not written that God is a Spirit?"

"So is man a spirit. And when God became man in His Son, He was the most reverent of men. By lifted eyes and hands, by purifying the temple, His Father's house, by His repeated declarations that He came 'from above,' by His transfiguration and benedictions, He bore visible witness everywhere to a solemn realization of what eye hath not seen nor ear heard."

"You have seen, perhaps, the picture of two young peasants, at the end of their day's work in the field, standing hushed with bowed heads in visible prayer, listening to the evening 'Angels' bell calling to them from the tower of the distant rustic church. Among all our levities and frivolities, irreligious or religious, our easy attitudes and impertinent zig-zags and vulgar whispers even in the midst of our devotions, and the noisy chattering of the moment they are over, our columns of newspaper profanity turning every sacred name and thing into a joke, our graceless and thankless grabbing at our victuals as meat, it is a bit of comfort and of hope to know that this silent pictured plea for a reverent faith has been bought in the world's market for more than a hundred thousand dollars."

Say what we will in our ultra dread of religious forms, Christians of different names are, in one way or another, always going back to them, because they cannot help it. Say what

we will of the Older Testament of the Bible, no worship ever known on earth was so directly shaped and ordered and beautified as that was by God Himself, and none ever approached it in manifold appeals, by every human sense, to that element in man of which reverence is the name. Shall Christian worship be less reverential than the worship of the Jew?

### THREE RIDES IN PERU.

BY PROF. SOLOW I. BAILEY.

FROM Guayaquil to Chilli the South American coast is desolate in the extreme. The first glimpse of Peru reveals this fact, which grows on us more and more. A vast desert of sandy plain rises from the coast into equally bare and desolate mountains.

This strip of desert, averaging some forty miles in width, is, however, intersected here and there by valleys of great fertility. Watered by the rivers that form from the melting ice and snow in the lofty mountains, by skillful and persistent irrigation these river valleys produce rich crops of sugar-cane and fruit. These green strips, however, form no larger a proportion to the whole country than do the lines on a piece of writing paper to the whole surface.

Near the mouth of such a river—the Rimac—lies Lima, styled "City of the Kings" by Pizarro, its founder, in 1535—a city wonderful now in its depression and comparative poverty. Once it was the capital of the richest dependency of Spain. In the palace which Pizarro built and where he met a violent death have ruled in turn the haughty viceroys of Spain and the presidents of the semi-republic of later days. It has been a turbulent country, and happy the ruler who has been permitted to die a natural death! Great cathedrals face one on every street, and in spite of the poverty of the land, its monks and priests still seem to enjoy all that heart could wish. Here the Inquisition held a lingering life after it had died in Spain. Here is the oldest university in America, that of St. Mark, founded in 1551.

From Boston to Lima, even by our very indirect route, is now a matter of only a few weeks. From the "Hub" to the "Golden Gate," three thousand miles, once the laborious work of weeks, if not months, means now a residence of six days in a moving parlor. From San Francisco to Panama, 3,500 miles by the slow steamers of the Pacific Mail, requires twenty days—somewhat tedious, perhaps, but full of interest by frequent calls at the ports of Mexico and the little despotisms known as the Central American Republics. In eight days more, after leaving the land made famous by De Lesseps' gigantic swindle, we are in Callao, port of Lima. From Lima we go up the narrow valley of the Rimac to Chosica and thence eight miles to "Mt. Harvard." To-day, though it is at the coldest season at this latitude, for the sun has gone far north to visit the United States, and our shadows are quite long toward the south, I am writing in the cool shadow of a great rock. Away to the east I see the Western Andes or Cordillera rising 20,000 feet, and white with snow. To the west thirty miles the Pacific, but to-day covered with a great cloud, beneath the lifted edge of which I catch a glimpse of Lima. This great cloud rests over Lima and vicinity almost continually at this season of the year. At night it usually creeps up the valley to Chosica, retreating again in the morning. Its upper surface is sharply defined, and has the appearance of the sea. Sometimes it comes up the side valleys within a thousand feet of our site, but never quite reaches us. Looking down upon it, it is difficult to believe that, buried thousands of feet beneath it, are populous cities and villages. Perhaps, in an air line, five miles away and nearly a mile below me, I can hear the faint roar of the Rimac tumbling along in its rocky bed. Here for the present is home.

### Ascending "Mt. Harvard."

Leaving the hotel at Chosica, March 11, my brother and I, with an Indian guide, started for the summit, where we now reside. From an elevation on the other side of the valley we had seen this summit and admired it in the distance. Mounted on strong mules, we crossed the Rimac by a little swinging suspension bridge, and hugging the precipitous hills on the northern side of the valley for half a mile to the west, passed among the still standing walls of an ancient Indian village where probably two thousand people lived in the palmy days of the Incas, and turned sharply to the north up a deep, narrow valley. Throughout this whole region there is now no rain except a slight shower at rare intervals, but here is abundant evidence of the action of great masses of water in some past time. We are in the dry bed of an ancient stream, gulled deep down in the bottom of the valley and strewn with great boulders brought down from the heights above. Following along this natural road for some two miles, we finally climb up the steep banks, and taking an ancient path, by zigzag ways slowly climb on for two hours more. At this point our guide informs us that a landslide has destroyed the path, and we can go no farther. This same guide, when asked the day before if there was a path to the summit, characteristically replied, "Como no?" literally "How no?" that is, "Why not certainly?" "Have you been there, and can you show us the way?" "Como no?" If there be an evil being who especially revels in untruth, he must be the author of this eternal "Como no," which one hears in answer to every kind of question, for it is the father of many lies. Its sister expression in wickedness is "Manana." It is very difficult to find a native to do you any service now, but with scarce any exception he will do anything you wish "Manana"—"to-morrow."

We send our guide aloft, however, to explore the surroundings, and finally he returns, having found a path by a different route. In two hours more we reach the summit. The aneroid barometer says we are 4,000 feet above

the hotel and 6,700 feet above the sea. After a lunch and some time spent in admiring the surrounding scenery, we return to the hotel, arriving there just before dark. In those first days of mule-back riding I found continual pleasure in watching the skill and care of these animals. By narrow paths and often by no path, on rocky ground and by the edge of steep precipices, they never stumbled, picking their way with an almost human intelligence; and yet a mule is a mule, and like republics is ungrateful. He will carry you all day in safety along dangerous paths until one is apt to entertain the vain feeling that it is love of his rider that impels such care. Nothing of the sort is true. It is his own worthless hide of which he is thinking, and given any opportunity for balancing his account, he is glad to do so. If you dismount in going up a steep ascent to allow him some rest and walk before him, he will probably run away down the hill; and if you go behind, he is not above kicking you. However, Peru would not be Peru without the mule. Outside of two or three large cities there are no carriage roads, and the only means of transportation are the railways where any exist; and the various beasts of burden. One frequently sees two persons riding one mule or horse, and a small donkey with a huge load and possibly a man or woman perched on behind. A species of palanquin borne by natives is sometimes used, but is not so common as the picture-books of my childhood led me to imagine. As a beast of burden the llama—a kind of diminutive camel—is much used. They are driven in large droves, and with the colored headgear and tinkling bells of the leaders, make a very picturesque sight trooping along the steep mountain paths.

### A Second Ascent.

April 16, after a short ascent in investigating other localities, and having determined for the present to try the site above referred to, I once more started, this time alone, for the same destination. It was afternoon, and in my saddle bags were stored provisions for a day or two. For two weeks we had had men at work repairing the path and in many places making a new one, and already a few mule-loads of goods had been sent up. I went by the same route as before, but now by a better path, until I came to the men engaged in repairing the way. Here I took one of the men with me to return the mule at night, there being neither food nor water on the summit for him, and also engaged a "boy" to come up later and remain with me a few days. Arrived at the summit, the man returned with the mule, and the boy with characteristic Peruvian promptness not making his appearance, I had the mountain and its scenery to myself. The stillness was almost oppressive. Aside from the cactuses and other strange vegetation, the only signs of life were occasional lizards darting from rock to rock, with now and then a condor who in surprise at my presence swept down near me, the rush of his great wings producing a sound strange and not altogether pleasant.

At sunset a slight shower, lasting but a few minutes, gave a magnificent rainbow. Two complete arches spanned the valley of the Rimac, resting on great spurs of the Andes on either side. The nearest person was miles away. The shower was local, and I had the unique experience of feeling that this exhibition of nature, the most splendid I ever saw, was mine, and seen by no other human eye. The sunlight faded, followed by brief twilight. Hastily preparing some lunch, I spread a canvas for a tent, and after some necessary investigations connected with the work of the expedition, slept the sleep of the tired.

### A Third Trip.

June 1, after a brief visit to Lima, I again left Chosica to climb to the same summit. Again I pass through the Inca village and stop a moment to wonder at the life of that old time and to regret the loss of glory of Peru. Up through the deep "quebrada" with its perpendicular walls, up the zigzag path to a point whence a view is had of the way nearly to the summit. Here I hear a faint shout, so far away that it seems as unreal as a voice in dreams; but looking up, I see on a great rock two miles ahead and 2,500 feet above me, two little figures seeming no larger than fairies. The echoes come back from the mountains as I shout in return, and a waving of infinitesimal hands and hats tells me that I am heard. It is more than an hour's ride to that rock, but it is reached at last, and my five-year-old, who says he is a "mountain climber," now claims a ride the rest of the way, and I go the last half mile afoot.

Within two months some changes have taken place. Instead of a rendezvous for eagles and condors, there is now a family, including assistants and servants, of eight persons. There is a dwelling-house made of canvas and building paper, a kitchen of paper, and a paper building for instruments, of which we have three telescopes and various meteorological instruments. It might seem that paper houses would better serve for play than to withstand the climate at this altitude. But here only twelve degrees from the equator the climate is always agreeable. There is no rain to run through the holes in our buildings and interfere with our work. The days are always warm and the nights always cool, requiring only a little fire, if any, for comfort. Occasionally we have some clouds, but the old query, "Will it rain?" is fast becoming obsolete. We plan a trip to-morrow, and know that it will be as to-day, warm and pleasant. There are some inconveniences, however. Every drop of water and article of food must come by mule-back eight miles from Chosica. The daily arrival of the "water boy" with food and water is our chief excitement, excepting the weekly mail from the United States. There we read of fire and flood until we almost wonder whether we shall dare return to a country where people are swept away by thousands. At least, whatever dangers may be near us, we feel quite safe from flood.



















## The Family.

### THE LAND OF THE LIVING.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

The "Land of the Living," we often say,  
And mean this world we are in to-day,  
This land where the banner of Death still waves,  
This land that is furrowed so thick with graves.

The Land of the Living? Yet, day by day,  
We see its inhabitants carried away  
To the narrow houses whose densities keep  
In silence unbroken a dreamless sleep.

The Land of the Living? Oh, no! Oh, no!  
'Tis the country to which we shall one day go,  
The land that is over the tideless sea,  
The land where the saints and the angels be.

The Land of the Living? Not here, not here,  
Where the graves grow green dews with many a tear;  
Not here where sorrow and pain hold sway,  
And the dwellers are one by one passing away.

The Land of the Living? No eyes have seen  
With mortal vision those shores serene;  
And yet—and yet we do surely know  
There's a place prepared where God's dear ones go.

O Land of the Living! O land most fair!  
No grief can enter, no graves are there;  
And they who have reached it may safely stay  
In the Land of the Living forever and aye!

### A MORNING WALK.

Though we have said good-bye,  
Clasped hands and parted ways, my dream and I,  
There still is beauty on the earth and glory in the sky.

The world has not grown old,  
For each unit to be at its home for cold,  
Nor is there any taint on the happy harvest gold.

Spent was the night in sighing,  
In tears and vain regrets, heartache and crying—  
Lo! breaks the windy morn with clouds in  
multitudes flying!

Life is not all a cheat,  
When the sun and shadow rise across the billows of  
the wheat;

When upward pines keen  
For each unit to be at its home for cold,  
The lark's shrill exultation o'er the sheen

Of the young barley's wavy flags of silky, silvery  
green.

Didst think, O narrow heart!  
That mighty Nature shared thy heart's smart?  
Face her serene, heart-whole, heart-free, that is the  
bitter part.

The boon thou hast not had—  
'Tis a slight, trivial thing to make thee sad.  
When with the sunshine and the storm God's glorious  
world is glad.

Ah! there are still delights  
Hid in the multitude of common sights,  
The dear and wonted pageant of the summer days  
and nights.

The word is not yet said  
Of ultimate ending; we are quick, not dead,  
Though the dim years whirled from us one frail joy  
coveted.

Our life is all too brief,  
The world too wide, too wonderful for grief,  
Too crowded with the loveliness of bird and bud  
and leaf.

So, though we said good-bye  
With bitter, futile tears, my dream and I—  
Each slender blade of wayside grass is clothed with  
majesty!

—Cornhill Magazine.

### THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

The crown and glory of all true union is  
for each unit to be at its home for cold,  
Not the impersonal chain, hold the anchor.—  
Bishop John F. Hurst.

Every day brings its own wants and its own  
needed help. The blessing which we essen-  
tially need at some future period of our life  
and necessary for our comfort, would be en-  
tirely out of place to-day. We are not to  
die until next week, or next month, or next  
year, we have no need of dying grace now.  
What we should seek for is living grace for  
this present day; and pray that the dying  
grace may be sent when needed. If we seek  
aright, we shall find our daily blessings fully  
equal to our daily needs. — *The Daily Tidings*.

If God cannot depend on us to do His will,  
there is no place for us in His army. If we  
are not brave and self-denying enough to  
serve Christ, we must not delude ourselves  
with the fancy that we are Christians. Christ  
came to gather loyal subjects for His kingdom,  
sincere disciples, faithful followers. His king-  
dom is bright with salvation, truth, righteousness;  
they who leave all and follow Him win  
others by their loyalty; all others scatter from  
Him. Is it not true? In everything positive  
convictions are at a premium; whole-hearted-  
ness is desirable. Kind words, eager protesta-  
tions, fine rhetoric about Christ's nobility, will  
not answer. Who cares for a friendship that  
spends itself in words, which hides in secret,  
which is smothered in selfish interests, which  
wastes amid the sands of indecision? The  
alternative for us is as marked as was that for  
Israel—"Choose ye this day whom ye will  
serve." A Christian is a person who heartily  
serves Christ, risks all for Christ—"If ye keep  
My commandments, ye shall abide in My  
love;" "If any man hath not the spirit of  
Christ, he is none of His." That spirit means  
self-denial, loyalty to God.—*Rev. Geo. L. Clark*.

Leaving its foam, its driftwood, on the sand,  
The weary of this life, the weary of the land,  
As though it would rest the Almighty hand  
That draws it from the land.

Deep rest has fallen round me; but I know  
That in far other hollow caves and caves  
The turning waters have begun to flow  
With surge and murmur low.

So with the tide of years that passes o'er  
The sands of this life, the weary of the land,  
Here ebbing, flow upon another shore,  
But there shall ebb no more.

—ARTHUR L. SALMON, in the Academy.

All through, the spirit Christ teaches is  
that of living with as far-reaching a plan as  
if one was going to live forever, and as if  
the most wants is greatest with a further-  
reaching aim and spirit, more sense of how  
the real worth of life grows slowly, and is  
not to be reached by doing what is pleasant-  
est to-day; and that, whatever eager works  
and cares we have to take our part in, we  
look off from them to that vaster background  
of the years to come, and of all the mighty  
world into whose revolving we have to try to  
put some stroke of lasting usefulness. We  
want to realize more the solidarity of our  
race, that our life should not be the personal  
scramble of a day, unconnected with other  
lives or times, but that we all belong to one  
another, belong to those who shall come after  
us, have not only to seize the present, but use  
it so as to build up the future; and so we  
should work so that our doing may not only  
suffice for to-day, but be a good sowing for  
the future, and that what we do may not be  
shamed by coming years, nor even by coming  
centuries.—*Rev. Brooke Herford*.

Even among the saved there will be differ-  
ences. Christ speaks of those "beaten with  
few stripes" and those beaten with "many."  
There are those He speaks of who shall "re-  
ceive greater damnation;" there are those  
who shall not come out until they have "paid  
the uttermost farthing." Each soul has its  
own individual, changeable history. Each  
must be judged. The searching judgment of

God will "discern the very thoughts and in-  
tents of the heart." Each will go "to his  
own place." There will be "a divine rule of  
right," which God himself, being God, cannot  
put aside, in judging every one. Do we not  
feel, then, the seriousness of judgment when  
we remember again the emphatic and reiterat-  
ed assertion of Scripture, that we shall be  
judged "according to our deeds?" "I will  
give," it is written, "to every one of you,  
according to your works." We are told, also,  
of the terrible surprise of the day of judg-  
ment, when those who have fancied them-  
selves fairly good people, and have had fairly  
religious habits, have allowed themselves in  
self-deceptions, and been only saying, "Lord,  
Lord," when they shall be compelled to real-  
ize that He "never knew them." And there  
is a solemn assurance of St. Paul that, even  
among those who serve God, there will be  
found many workers on a foundation of mere  
"wood, hay, stubble," and they themselves  
saved but only "as by fire."—*Canon Knox Little*.

### FRANCES E. WILLARD.

BY AMANDA M. WILSON.

IN her combined attributes of person, mind  
and spirit, Miss Willard is the foremost  
woman of American Methodism, the most  
conspicuous example of consecrated Christian  
womanhood that the age affords. It is no  
slight praise to say of her that she is one of  
the most womanly of women. She has demon-  
strated to the world that to wear the crown  
of leadership in moral and religious reform,  
to plead the cause of God and humanity from  
the public platform or in the halls of justice,  
does not, of necessity, rob a woman of femi-  
nine graces, or clothe her with aggressive  
harshness. In physique she is well-formed  
and graceful. Her head is shapely and well-  
poised, with an abundance of brown wavy  
hair, large, expressive brown eyes, while the  
firm chin and decisive mouth are full of char-  
acter. But there is a beauty of the soul more  
precious than any other; it shines in the  
purity of the countenance, in the simplicity of  
manner, in the sincerity and straight-for-  
wardness of utterance, in interest and thoughtfulness  
for others, and in the glance that seeks  
their sympathy—and this beauty is pre-  
eminently hers.

Miss Willard has had the rich blessing of  
Christian parentage. Her ancestry scrolls  
the names of many who have toiled for the  
public good. Her father was a native of Ver-  
mont, but soon after his marriage went West-  
ward to seek a home. The daughter, Frances  
Elizabeth, was born at Churchville, near  
Rochester, N. Y. When she was two years  
old the young parents moved to Oerlin, Ohio,  
and five years later bought a large farm near  
Janesville, Wisconsin, called "Forest Home." Here  
for twelve years Frances, with her dar-  
ling sister, Mary, and her only brother, Oliver,  
enjoyed the out-door freedom and the in-door  
peace and comfort which are the heritage  
of the country children of our commonwealth.  
Here she passed the days of her girlhood,  
amid the simple surroundings of rural life,  
enlivened by merry romps and ingenious imi-  
tations of nature; here she held sweet  
communion with nature, and basked in the  
sunshine of perfect health. When she was  
eighteen years of age, the family moved to  
Evanston, Illinois, the seat of the North-west-  
ern University, in order to secure better edu-  
cational facilities for the children. Both  
daughters entered the Woman's College and  
graduated with honors. Soon after gradua-  
tion Frances began the work of teaching in a  
country school near Chicago. After this, she  
was called to the Female College at Pittsburg,  
Pa., and later became preceptress of Genesee  
Wesleyan Seminary, Lima, N. Y. Meantime  
a great sorrow had come into her life in the  
death of her sister Mary, and while teaching  
at Pittsburg she wrote her first book entitled  
"Nineteen Beautiful Years"—a loving tribute  
to this gifted sister.

In 1868 she went abroad as the guest of  
a friend, and traveled extensively in Europe  
for nearly three years. During her absence  
she devoted much time to study, and wrote  
articles for the *New York Independent*, *Harper's Monthly*, *Christian Union*, and the *Chica-  
go Journals*. In 1871 she was made president  
of the Woman's College at Evanston, and two  
years later, when the college became a part of  
the University, she was made dean of the  
college and professor of aesthetics in the  
University. She was the first woman ever  
elected president of a college. Here she  
labored faithfully and with marked success  
for three years. Says Miss Gordon: "Were  
one to ask the salient features of her work as  
a teacher, the reply would be, the develop-  
ment of individual character along intellectual  
and moral lines, her constantly recurring  
question being not only, 'What are you going  
to be in the world?' but, 'What are you going  
to do?'"

In a series of "Talks to Girls," written for  
the *Chicago Post*, she says: "First of all  
I would say—Keep to your specialty; to the  
doing of the thing you accomplish with most  
satisfaction to yourself and most benefit to  
those around you. Keep to this, whether it be  
raising turnips or tines; painting screens or  
battle-plates; studying political economy or  
domestic receipts."

Her influence and example were a constant  
inspiration to those under her care, and hun-  
dreds of pupils were led to thoughtful-  
ness and to lives of earnest Christian endeavor  
through her words and daily living.

Soon after her return from Europe, her ca-  
reer as a lecturer commenced. On one occa-  
sion she spoke before a woman's missionary  
meeting upon the Christian work done abroad,  
and so impressed was a prominent gentleman  
with her ability as a speaker, that he proposed  
to her that she should give a lecture, prom-  
ising her a large and appreciative audience.  
She hesitated much to try her powers, but her  
mother's advice was: "By all means, my  
child, accept; enter every open door." With-  
in three weeks she wrote a lecture and deliv-  
ered it, without manuscript, in Centenary  
Church, Chicago. The subject was, "The  
New Chivalry," the principal thought being  
that the chivalry of the nineteenth century is  
not like that of the Middle Ages, but the  
chivalry of justice, which accords to woman a  
fair chance to be all that God gave her power  
to be. So successful was she in this attempt,  
that she at once received invitations to lecture  
from all parts of the Northwest.

Up to the year 1874, Miss Willard's life-  
work seemed to be marked out for her as that  
of an educator, especially of her own sex,  
and this work was certainly in harmony with  
her quiet, scholarly tastes and habits; but  
she was called to another work, and to one  
unique in the annals of womanly endeavor.  
In that year was the remarkable uprising of  
Christian women all over the land, rousing

the whole country to the imminent peril of  
drinking and the sin of the liquor traffic.  
Miss Willard was asked to join in this memo-  
rable Temperance Crusade. She dreaded no-  
toriously with all the strength of her womanly  
nature; but when the summons came, the  
true woman did not shrink back into her be-  
loved seclusion and let the opportunity pass.  
The voice of God within her was imperative,  
and she was not disobedient unto the heav-  
enly vision. With true heroism she forgot  
everything except the high demand of the  
hour, and undertook the difficult labor as  
simply as she would any humble service.  
She at once resigned her position, sacrificing  
a salary of twenty-four hundred dollars a  
year. Those were the days that called for  
the martyr spirit, the days of toll and strug-  
gle, of absolute privation, when the move-  
ment was without organization, without finan-  
cial income, and without well-defined meth-  
ods; but they were days of no  
purpose and high resolve, and glorious  
have been the results. Those were the days  
of discouragement, of bitter opposition; now  
the W. C. T. U. counts its local Unions by  
thousands, its members by tens of thousands.  
Miss Willard was made the national corre-  
sponding secretary of the movement, and this  
office she held until within a short time  
of her election to the presidency in 1871.  
What must have been the anxieties, the fati-  
gue, the weary journeyings, which she expe-  
rienced in her efforts to uplift the fallen,  
to cheer the depressed, to strengthen and en-  
courage the weak and tempted! During the  
last ten years of her temperance work she  
traveled from fifteen to twenty thousand  
miles a year, and spoke on an average once a  
day, sending out in the later years from  
twenty to thirty thousand letters annually.  
In 1883 she visited every one of the thirty-  
eight States and nine Territories of the  
United States besides several of the Canadian  
provinces, organizing Woman's Christian  
Temperance Unions. This organization has  
now over thirty departments. It has for its  
organ the *Union Signal*, a sixteen-page week-  
ly, with a large subscription list.

Miss Willard has the general superintend-  
ence of the whole, and the special care of  
four departments. The White Cross League,  
instituted by the Bishop of Durham in En-  
gland, and pledging equal purity to man and  
woman, is one of her grandest lines of work.  
She is the originator of the "Home Protec-  
tion Movement"—that is, the ballot in wom-  
an's hands for the protection of her home, in  
order to regulate the traffic in intoxicating  
liquors.

The versatility of her talent is shown in  
the fact that she has achieved success as an  
author, a teacher, and a lecturer, while as an  
organizer she has no equal among American  
women. As president of the W. C. T. U.,  
she has shown an extraordinary amount of  
discrimination, energy, fidelity and enthusi-  
asm. She has brought to this work rare en-  
dowment, superior education, high purpose  
and an earnest, uplifting trust in God. She  
has devoted herself a living sacrifice to the  
work of saving souls. Through all her expe-  
riences she has been loyal to the Methodist  
Church—the church of her choice. Her  
Methodist sisters have special reason to re-  
joice that, modestly and sweetly, yet firmly  
and perseveringly, she has done more than  
any other to make the world a "wider place  
for women." The Rock River Conference  
showed their appreciation of her worth by  
sending her as a delegate to the General Con-  
ference of 1888; but as the question of the  
eligibility of women delegates was remanded  
to the church at large, another four years  
must pass before she will be entitled to a seat  
in that body. If her life is spared, there will  
be no doubt about the acceptance of her  
credentials in 1892.

In a letter she speaks with great tenderness  
of her recent visit to the old church in Church-  
ville. She says: "I frankly told the kind  
people all my heart, taking, 'The Master is  
come, and calleth for thee,' as a text, and set-  
ting what I had to say to the key of—  
'We are traveling home to God  
In the way our fathers trod.'"

I told them what Christianity meant to my  
heart, and what I believed it meant to custom  
and law, to society and government. It  
stirred my spirit deeply as I realized in some  
small measure what it signified to testify as  
one of the cloud of witnesses who belonged to  
the same household of faith, and within these  
walls had found and taught the unsearchable  
riches of Christ. Born of a Christian race,  
bred in a Christian home, I dedicated myself  
anew in the old stone church that day to  
Christ and His gospel, vowing that by His  
grace I would be a woman whom the Lord  
could trust."

All that now remain of her dear home-circle  
are her mother and herself. They reside in a  
pretty home in Evanston, called "Rest Cot-  
tage." Over this household still presides the  
venerable woman who celebrated her eightieth  
birthday in 1885. On that occasion many  
friends gathered here to do her honor, and she  
was the recipient of many beautiful gifts and  
of loving messages. Joseph Cook sent "con-  
gratulations to the mother on the daughter's  
life, and to the daughter on the mother's."  
She is a woman of strong intellectual power  
and of deep religious experience. Miss Gor-  
don, who is Miss Willard's private secretary,  
two other secretaries, and a stenographer live  
with her.

For the next ten years Miss Willard hopes,  
if she lives, to stay at home six months of the  
year, devoting herself to the literary work  
of the W. C. T. U. Her study is a beautiful  
room in the second story of the cottage. Upon  
the wall, so that it confronts the visitor upon  
entering, is the line from Dante,—  
"For who knows most him loss of time most  
grieves."

Her habits are those of untiring industry.  
She is usually at her desk from nine till six,  
with a half-hour for dinner and another half-  
hour for exercise in the open air. Her life  
has been a constant work-day, and her work  
is regulated by a complete system. She says:  
"I have swung like a pendulum through my  
years, without haste, without rest." What  
it would be to have an idle hour, I find it hard  
to fancy. With no head-ache, why should I  
not think straight ahead?" Her executive  
faculty also contributes very largely to her  
success, and is recognized in the fact that she  
has not only held the office of president of the  
National W. C. T. U. for several years, but  
has also been made president of the World's  
W. C. T. U. Her excellent judgment has en-  
abled her to select the best helpers in her  
work, and to plan wisely and well. She is a

woman of most generous impulses and whole-  
souled liberality, finding her great delight in  
helping others. More than any other living  
woman does she realize Wordsworth's ideal,—  
"A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To war, to comfort, and to command."

The fiftieth anniversary of her birth oc-  
curred on Saturday, Sept. 28, and was fittingly  
celebrated in the First M. E. Church, Evan-  
ston. On that day, even more than other days,  
the loving, grateful thoughts of multitudes  
who have been helped by her life and influ-  
ence turned toward this noble, gifted woman,  
and thousands rose up to call her and her work  
blessed.

Let the women all over our land, who are  
seeking for a sphere of usefulness, who are  
seeking for work for "God and Home and  
Native Land," and are desiring to live lives  
that shall make the world richer for their  
presence, listen to her words of advice:  
"Dear young hearts, let me plead with you  
from the vantage-ground of my life's serene  
meridian to be, first of all, loyal to Him who  
is the best Friend that woman ever knew.  
Let me beseech you as an elder sister might,  
to dedicate your lives to every-day disci-  
pline; to sacred work for sorrowful humanity.  
If I were asked the mission of the ideal wom-  
an, I would reply—it is to make the whole  
world homelike. She came into the college  
and elevated it, into literature and hallowed  
it, into the business world and ennobled it.  
She will come into government and purify it,  
for woman will make homelike every place  
she enters, and she will enter every place on  
this round earth."

Bucksport, Me.

### THE FATHER'S HAND.

I'm only an old wife now, sir, and I've time to sit  
on the sofa.  
A. watching the boats come in, sir, and the children  
at play on the sand.  
Seventy years, sir—all my days—I have lived by-  
side the sea.  
And it has been meat and money and joy and sor-  
row to me.

Father and husband and boys, sir, there was not a  
man of them all.  
Could have lain still in the house, sir, when the  
winds and the waters call.  
My father and my husband slept in the graves of  
the old church by the sea.  
But both of the boys who left me, they never came  
back any more!

Oh! I've been ready to sink, sir; but one thought  
would keep me afloat;  
I learned it, sir, as a little lass at play in my father's  
boat.  
(Do you know, sir, it's often struck me the lesson of  
life is writ:  
Plain out in the world around us, if we'd but give  
our minds to it?)

My father hadn't a lad, sir, so he paid the more  
heed to me;  
He would take me with him in summer far out on  
the open sea,  
And he'd let me handle the oar, sir, and pull with  
my might and main;  
But if I'd been left to myself, sir, I'd never have seen  
home again.

"Pull, little maid!" he would cheer me, but still  
kept his hand on the oar,  
Though sometimes I'd try to turn us to some pretty  
spot on the shore;  
Still straight went the boat to the harbor, and as I  
grew stronger each day  
I found that the little wisdom was in rowing my  
father's way.

And I think, sir, that God our Father keeps hold of  
the world just so;  
We may strive and struggle our utmost, that we may  
stronger grow;  
Stronger and wiser and humbler—till at last we  
can understand.

The beauty and peace of His keeping the oar  
through all life in His hand.  
For the Father knows what we really want is labor  
and rest with Him;  
So He bears us straight through joy and loss, over  
our doubts and fears and wishes.  
Though oft it's not till we sit, like me, a watching  
life's sinking sun,  
We feel that our best is our latest prayer, and that  
is, "Thy will be done!"

—Sunday at Home.

### ABOUT MEN.

—Low Wallace writes the first drafts of his com-  
positions upon a slate, and finishes upon large sheets  
of white unruled paper.

—Arthur E. Hatch, of Lewiston, who graduated  
this year at Bates College at the age of twenty-two  
years, is the only blind college graduate in the United  
States.

—George Ebers, the author of "Uarda," "The  
Daughter of an Egyptian Princess," and other books,  
is a hopeless invalid. He is paralyzed, and seldom  
moves out of his rolling chair. In spite of his illness  
he is very cheerful, even gay.

—Prof. Arminius Vambery, the Hungarian Ori-  
entalist, is a short, thick-set man, with face worn and  
framed with travel and exposure, slightly lame,  
with keen dark eyes, a frank manner, and perfect  
command of English.

—The great Russian novelist, Tolstoy, writes in a  
study as bare, bleak, cold and unadorned as are  
the steps of his native clinic. There is neither car-  
pet on the floor, nor draperies at the window, nor  
flowers, nor paintings, nor bric-a-brac. There is  
scarcely even any furniture—a old lounge pushed  
against one wall, and an immense table in a hopeless  
litter of papers, periodicals, manuscript and books  
of reference.

—B. P. Shillaber, better known as "Mrs. Par-  
tington," now lives in Chelsea, Mass. He is seventy-  
four years of age and crippled with rheumatism. He  
walks about the house with a cane, and goes out-  
doors only in a carriage. He says he goes nowhere.  
With pen, paper, pipe and pills, I sit here from  
year's end to year's end, patient as may be, receive  
my friends, and wait for a better life.

—The Evening Post says of Clement Studebaker,  
of Indiana, one of the delegates to the Pan-American  
Congress, and one of the brothers who have made the  
name of South Bend famous by the hugeness of  
their wagon factory, that he is very proud of the man-  
ner in which he has risen in the world, and in one of  
the staid glass windows of his \$100,000 house has  
placed a picture of the log cabin in which he was  
born.

—Rev. William H. Milburn, who assisted at the  
funeral of S. S. Cox, and the personalities in whose  
prayers created such a sensation when he was Chap-  
lain of the House in 1887, began life under widely dif-  
ferent conditions from those which now surround him.  
A Methodist minister at twenty, he was a tireless  
worker among the mountains of Ohio, Indiana, and  
Virginia, and it is claimed he has ridden 200,000 miles  
on horseback in the course of his ministrations. He  
held the chaplaincy of the House of Representatives  
under Buchanan, and is said to have created as great  
a sensation by his plainness of speech and candor in  
prayer then as he did in the same circumstances a gen-  
eration later. In spite of his blindness he has traveled  
widely, both in this country and Europe; has lectured  
in England, and written two books descriptive of mis-  
sionary labors in pioneer days. Mr. Milburn is sixty-  
six years old, but is still in vigorous mental and bod-  
ily health.

—Dr. Frithjof Nansen, the explorer of Greenland,  
is a typical Norwegian. "I live much in the pine  
forests," he says; "they are so solemn." He is a  
true child of the mountains and the woods, and passed  
most of his early days in their seclusion. He travels  
for days together independent of luggage and great  
coat, sleeping with the peasants in their wooden huts,  
or on deck of a third steamer, while his English trav-  
eling companions crumple in the cabins huddled in  
rugs and great coats. He is agile as a gazelle; with

one bound he leaps ashore, and secures the best rooms  
at the hotels, or jumps back on the ponies he  
may chance to meet on his mountain rambles. He is  
generally known among his English friends as the  
"Viking"—indeed, he comes of true old Norse  
blood. He is a thorough democrat in principles, al-  
though of noble birth. All aristocratic titles have  
been abolished in Norway by Act of Parliament, and  
in his family the last title becomes extinct.

### MRS. ALMY'S ALLIANCE.

A FEW boarders were lingering, near the  
close of a beautiful summer day, on the  
shady piazza of "Comfort Cottage," at one of  
the most delightful resorts on the Jersey  
coast. Presently a carriage drove up, from  
which alighted a woman, apparently about  
forty years old, with nothing noticeable in her  
appearance except a mouth of singular sweet-  
ness, and an expression on her face which  
must have grown there from the constant ex-  
ercise of good will toward everybody.

After supper all except myself went for a  
moonlight stroll on the beach, or for a chat  
with friends on a neighboring piazza. Soon  
the stranger came out and seated herself in  
one of the splint rocking-chairs near me. Feel-  
ing a degree of responsibility toward the new  
comer, I was about to open a conversation,  
when she leaned her head back on the chair,  
and said reverently, "What beautiful nights  
the Lord is giving us!"

That one simple sentence gave me the key  
to her character, and we began to speak at  
once of the things pertaining to Christian life  
and service.

Suddenly she straightened up and ex-  
claimed with enthusiasm, "Why, I do be-  
lieve we can have an Alliance right here!"

"An Alliance?" I repeated. "I do not  
understand."

"Of course not," she replied laughingly;  
"perhaps I'd better tell you all about  
mine."

Finding that she had a sympathetic listener,  
she began the following recital of her experi-  
ences, and, though not expressed in the choic-  
est language, one forgot that in watching her  
glowing countenance and seeing the earnest-  
ness of her spirit.

"It was during my first visit in Washing-  
ton, two years ago last winter," she said,  
and at first I did nothing but go sight-see-  
ing day after day. But just as I was getting  
tired of going back to my home in New England,  
the Evangelical Alliance came and I thought  
I could not possibly lose their meet-  
ings, though Clara—that's my niece—said I  
must go alone, because she had too many en-  
gagements to go with me. But I didn't mind  
that, and I did my good just to look at  
that body of men so filled with the spirit of  
the Master. It was fairly sitting in heav-  
enly places, even to get on the arm of a chair,  
or on the gallery stairs of that big church. For  
three whole days they talked and talked, and  
I was mostly about co-operating in Christian  
work and evangelizing cities and towns.

"Well, before night of the second day I  
began to feel as if I'd never done any real ser-  
vice for the Master, and as if forty years of  
life were about long enough to spend just with  
a 'form of godliness.' I thought that because  
I went regularly to prayer-meetings, and be-  
lieved in the Bible, and gave so much of the money  
I had left me to the Home Missionary Society,  
and the Bible Society, and the American  
Board, that I'd done my whole duty. Now,  
said I, Clara Almy, what have you ever done  
to-day to evangelize your own town? What  
have you done for anybody even while visit-  
ing in this great city? So the third day when  
I reached home my mind was all made up to  
have an Alliance, if I had it all by myself.

"The next morning when I was alone with  
Clara and her, 'Clara, do you know any-  
thing about the folks next door?'"

"No, indeed, aunt," she replied. "I fancy  
they are not people that I should care to  
know."

"Do you make no calls only like what  
you'd make since I've been here?" I asked.  
"Why, no, auntie, dear. Those are all  
I have time for. The demands of society are  
very pressing upon me in my position," she  
answered.

"Now my niece is a good-hearted soul, and  
I didn't want to hurt her feelings, nor mak-  
e myself disagreeable as people from the coun-  
try sometimes do when visiting their city  
relatives; so I quietly remarked, 'Well, Clara,  
I've been greatly moved by the meetings this  
week, and you won't mind if I make some  
calls on my own book, will you?'"

"Why, no, of course not, auntie," she said  
cordially. "You ought to call upon Mrs.  
Abbott and Mrs. James and those who called  
upon you. You shall have the carriage, for  
I am not going out to-day, as I must keep my  
eyes for Mrs. Wilbur's reception this evening."

"No, thank you, Clara," said I. "I don't  
want the carriage; I shan't go far to-day."  
"Some one came in just then to see about  
arrangements for a charity ball, and I put on  
my things and started out. Remembering that  
one of the ministers said that the first thing  
to do was to get acquainted with one  
another, I went to the next house and rang  
the bell. I took no cards, for you can't reach  
folks' hearts so well with a piece of paste-  
board between you."

"A black woman came to the door, and  
said, 'My name is Mrs. Almy, and I come  
from the next house. Can I see Mrs. Free-  
man?' (I heard one of Clara's servants say  
that was the name.)"

"I was afraid Mrs. Freeman might think







## PUBLISHER'S COLUMN.

Still the volume of increase rolls on.

228

new subscribers last week! It all New England will do as well as Boston and vicinity. Zion's Herald will enter many thousands of new homes.

The presiding elder of the Augusta District writes:—

"Our preachers are taking hold of the cause for the Herald and hoping to make a large increase."

Rev. G. N. Dorr, of Lebanon, N. H., with a list of new names, says:—

"The Herald needs only to be seen to be appreciated."

Rev. Paul C. Currier, formerly a student of Boston University, but now pastor of McLean Church, Cincinnati, volunteers the statement:—

"I cannot do without the Herald, and need it all the more, being so far away from Boston. Although a subscriber to several other of our church papers, I find that none of them, nor all of them, can take the place of the dear old Herald."

Rev. C. A. Linsfield, of Springfield, with a larger additional list of names, declares a fact of paramount importance:—

"I am thoroughly well satisfied that a pastor cannot afford to have his people destitute of the Herald. No one can be a true Methodist without it, and it is the only paper that can be read by all people in all places, and it is the only paper that can be read by all people in all places, and it is the only paper that can be read by all people in all places."

And Rev. J. Alfred Faulkner, with whose critical and ably pen our readers are familiar, writes:—

"I want to speak of Zion's Herald. It is one of the brightest and best and best-edited papers I see. God bless you in its management! The articles by Prof. L. L. and Mitchell (the latter in this week's issue) are alone worth the price of subscription."

Gov. W. P. Dillingham and Rev. W. R. Davenport, visitors by election of the Vermont Conference to the annual meeting of the Wesleyan Association in December, write in a voluntary statement and appeal to their Conference to make a special effort to increase the list in that State. Among much else they are pleased to say:—

"Zion's Herald is pre-eminently the organ of New England Methodism. It gives more news from New England Methodist churches than all other religious papers combined, and facts so well known as to scarcely need stating. That this paper has steadily grown in interest and efficiency during the incumbency of the present editor is a truth patent to all its readers. That its prospects for the coming year are bright and promising, and that its presence in every Methodist home within the bounds of the Conference would greatly aid the pastors in their work, and greatly strengthen the people in their devotion to the cause, must be readily admitted by all."

Let our entire ministry enter upon a holy crusade to place a religious paper in every Methodist home.

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A. S. WEED, Publisher,

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ZION'S HERALD FOR 1890.

We are early in the field—because we cannot help it. There are so many homes as yet unvisited and unblest by Zion's Herald; we have made such excellent provision for the spiritual and mental upbuilding of every class of mind in the broad field which we aspire to enter; and our preachers will have so much to do in calling personal attention to the richness and helpfulness of our weekly visits and the offer of a free three months' subscription to new subscribers, that we felt compelled to begin our September issues with a preliminary statement.

Zion's Herald does not believe in standing still. The highest goal is not too high for its ambition. Many of our readers have kindly informed us that during the past year the standard of our contributions has steadily improved, that the scope has broadened, that current political, social and educational questions, as well as religious, have received careful and able treatment in our columns. But we are not satisfied. "Not as though we had already attained, either were already perfect; but we . . . press towards the mark." There is a position yet to be occupied by religious journalism which the Herald is determined to reach, and we believe our readers sympathize with our efforts to make the paper the broadest, fullest, most forceful, most interesting, of all our Methodist weeklies.

Our present list of contributors has no equal, we believe, in any paper of our denomination. To this list we are continually adding new names of recognized influence and ability. We will mention some of them, both old and new: First of all, the following Bishops:—

Bishop J. F. Hurst,

Bishop W. H. Vincent,

Bishop W. F. Mallie,

Bishop J. N. Fitzgerald,

Bishop D. A. Goodsell.

We have captured the missionary staff of our church entire, as the following names will show:—

Chaplain C. McCabe,

Rev. J. C. Peck, D. D.,

Rev. A. B. Leonard, D. D.,

Rev. S. L. Baldwin, D. D.

Below is a list of the educational leaders who will be represented:—

President Warren (Boston University),

President Bartlett (Dartmouth),

President Small (Colby),

Chancellor Sims (Syracuse),

President Raymond (Wesleyan),

President Wheeler (Allegheny),

President Bashford (Ohio Wesleyan),

Prof. Prentice (Wesleyan),

Dean Huntington (Boston),

Prof. Little (Syracuse),

Prof. Winchester (Wesleyan),

Prof. Mitchell (Boston),

Principal Bancroft (Phillips Academy),

Principal Steele (Wilbraham),

Principal Bragdon (Lassell),

Dean Thielke (Gannon),

President Haygood,

Principal D. C. Knowles (Tilton),

President Gallagher (Lawrence).

The pens of some of the ablest

women in the various departments of reform and of literature will enrich our columns, notably the following:—

Frances E. Willard,

Mary Lowe Dickinson,

Kate Sanborn,

Alice Stone Blackwell,

Mary Stevens Robinson,

Lucy Rider Meyer,

Belle V. Chisholm,

Harriet A. Cheever,

Sarah Pierce Scarborough,

Kate Sumner Gates,

Mrs. S. L. Baldwin.

Not to enumerate occasional correspondents, our regular staff will continue to write:—

"MANHATTAN" for New York, "S. J. H." for Chicago, "N. B." for Baltimore, "SHAWMUT" for Boston, "CHRYSENE" for the Rocky Mountain region; "WESTMINSTER" for matters and things abroad, Dr. E. S. STACKPOLE for Italy, Dr. E. W. PARKER for India, Dr. C. S. LONG for Japan, and

Mrs. J. Ellen Foster for Washington.

The miscellaneous list is a full one. We can culled from it but a few representative names, principally those of acknowledged influence in other denominations:—

Rev. REuben THOMAS, D. D., pastor of Harvard Church (Cong.), Brookline, Mass.; Rev. O. P. GIFFORD, pastor of Warren Avenue Baptist Church, Boston; Rev. EDWARD A. RAND, of Watertown, Mass.; Rev. J. L. R. THACKER (Cong.), of Springfield, Mass.; Rev. EMORY J. HAYNES, D. D., pastor of Tremont Temple Church, Boston; Mr. JAMES BUCKHAM, Burlington, Vt.; Rev. WM. C. BULL, D. D., Whitford, Pa.

HON. NEAL DOW has promised an occasional contribution.

MR. EDWARD BELLAMY, author of "Looking Backward," will write concerning the new movement which his remarkable book has stimulated.

The catalogue of our Methodist writers, in addition to the names given above, is too great for enumeration, but we mention the following:—

Dr. J. W. Mendenhall,

Dr. Frank Bristol,

Dr. J. R. Day,

Chaplain Louis A. Baudry,

Dr. Howard Henderson,

Dr. George Lansing Taylor,

Dr. Mark Trafton,

Dr. Joseph Pullman,

Dr. W. S. Studley,

Dr. H. P. Torsey,

Rev. John Alfred Faulkner.

We have been promised selections from the unpublished letters and MSS. of that brilliant and lamented genius, REV. PAUL H. NEWHALL, D. D.

The above lists are by no means complete. They include names, however, pledged to our columns, and from these as samples our readers will know how rich a feast awaits them.

Review of the Week.

Tuesday, October 1.

—The cotton corner at Liverpool has collapsed.

—Six persons have been indicted in New York for participation in the Black conspiracy case for divorce.

—Estimates at the United States legation place the number of Americans who have visited the Paris Exhibition at 50,000.

—The Commercial Tribune's of the Seine have declared that the directors of the French copper syndicate are responsible for twenty-five and a half millions of francs.

—A disastrous railway accident occurred between Naples and Foggia. Two express trains came into collision while passing through a tunnel, and 20 carriages were telescoped. The killed and injured number 50.

—A despatch from Shanghai says: "It has been discovered that the recent fire in the Temple of Heaven was of incendiary origin. Several persons have been arrested for complicity in the crime. The authorities have learned that the object of the incendiary was to create the idea that the fire was an omen to warn the people against the introduction of railways in China."

Wednesday, October 2.

—It is reported that Sen. Boulanger will take up his residence in the Isle of Jersey.

—The United States potato crop is estimated at 233,700,000 bushels, the largest on record.

—Sir Edwin Arnold lectured before a large audience last evening in Sanders Theatre, Harvard College.

—Encouraging reports as to the condition of the Boston Chamber of Commerce were submitted at the annual meeting yesterday.

—The public debt statement for September shows a decrease of \$18,956,094. An explanation of the increase of July and August.

—Representatives of the ship-owners and the strikers at Rotterdam had a conference yesterday which lasted six hours, but which was without result.

—More than 50 members of the Junior class at Dartmouth have asked for dismissal papers because a classmate was dishonorably dismissed against their protest of his innocence of charges preferred against him.

—Assessment for the year closed last evening at City Hall. Including those who were assessed last year, who are also eligible for registration this year, and those who have been newly assessed, the total number enrolled for poll taxes is 124,238 men and 25,041 women.

Thursday, October 3.

—The Lake Mohonk Indian Conference met yesterday.

—Another landslide—this time a small one—occurred at Quebec.

—U. S. Minister Douglas started for "Keenawau" for Italy.

—The Massachusetts Democrats nominate W. Russell for governor and J. W. Corcoran for lieutenant-governor.

—The German government places 22,000,000 marks to the credit of the Navy Department, to be expended in new men-of-war.

—A hurricane is raging in the Black Sea. A large number of Turkish vessels have been wrecked and great loss of life is reported.

—An infernal machine was discovered near the royal palace at G-nos, Tuesday. The discovery was made just in time to avert a disaster.

—Dr. James McCosh made a speech before the New Brunswick Presbytery, advocating the revision of the Westminster Confession of Faith.

—Participants of the riot at Narvosa Island on September 14 show that four Americans were butchered by negroes, and several were injured in the riot.

—Commander Walker was transferred from the Bureau of Navigation to the command of the European Squadron with the acting rank of Rear Admiral.

—The official report on the railway collision between Foggia and Naples Tuesday announced that three persons were killed and 27 injured. The accident was caused by the negligence of a signal man.

—In the railroad accident Tuesday near Wild Park Station, near Stuttgart, three carriages crowded with passengers were smashed into fragments, seven persons were killed and 43 severely injured. Many of the injured will probably die.

—Secretary Blaine delivered an address of welcome to the delegates to the International American Congress, after which he was chosen permanent president. Resolutions were adopted by the conference, which then adjourned to Nov. 19. The delegates were given a reception and lunch at the White House.

Friday, October 4.

—Stratford, Conn., celebrated yesterday her 250th anniversary.

—The confiscation of Alaska seal skins was sustained in court.

—The sons of Mine dedicated sixteen monuments on the field of Gettysburg.

—Bancroft, the historian, celebrated his eighty-ninth birthday at Newport yesterday.

—Seven thousand dollars of Lancashire, Eng., have struck for an advance of 5 per cent.

—The Rotterdam strike has ended, the dockmen accepting the modified terms proposed by the owners.

—The British steamer "Eumore," from Baltimore for Rio Janeiro, foundered at sea and 28 lives were lost.

—By the recent fire in the Gulf of Mexico 100 houses were wrecked at Laguna Delcarman and 27 vessels were wrecked.

—The Mississippi steamer "Corona" exploded yesterday when opposite historic Port Hudson, and the loss of life is estimated at 40.

—The delegates to the International Congress started on their long excursion. They were entertained at West Point, where they witnessed the unveiling of the portraits of Generals Grant, Sheridan and Sherman.

Saturday, October 5.

—Thirty-four vessels were wrecked by the recent cyclone on the coast of Campeche.

—The official report of the last test of the cruiser "Baltimore" shows a small deficiency in required horse power.

—The steamer "Geographical" and the bark "Minnie Swift" were sunk in a collision off St. Pierre, Mar. Fifteen persons drowned.

—St. John, N. B., has been thrown into a state of excitement over a whole attempt to poison the families of three Protestant clergymen.

—Reports from ranching districts in Manitoba along the international boundary indicate great scarcity of food and water, and stock is already suffering in consequence.

—The Department of State has received a telegram from General Franklin, United States Commissioner General to the Paris Exposition, saying that the United States exhibit has received fifty-three grand prizes, 199 gold medals, 271 silver medals, 218 bronze medals, and 200 honorable mentions; and indicating that the collaborators' rewards, not yet announced, would undoubtedly increase this number.

Sunday, October 6.

—Secretary Tracy will ask for an increase of the enlisted force of the navy.

—The First Parish Church at Newton celebrated its 225th anniversary yesterday.

—Sidney G. Brock of Missouri has been appointed chief of the Bureau of Statistics.

—The famous electric light case of Westinghouse against Edison has been dismissed.

—Thomas A. Edison and his wife arrived at New York yesterday on the steamer "La Champagne."

—Right Rev. T. H. Vail, D. D., LL. D., bishop of the diocese of Kansas, died yesterday, after an illness of two weeks.

—G. P. Ryerson, registrar of Brown University and son of ex-President Robinson, has been found to be short in his accounts.

—Theodore Roosevelt calls attention to the violation of the Civil Service law by numerous removals from the Baltimore Post Office.

—The emperor of Brazil and President Carnot of France have both expressed a determination to visit America during the world's fair of 1892.

—A terrible hurricane has visited the island of Sardinia. One hundred persons were buried in the debris of buildings, shattered by the storm, and 30 persons were killed.

—Gen. Broder has drafted a series of pension bills, which will be introduced early in the coming session of Congress, intended to do away with some of the existing abuses in the pension laws.

—A disastrous typhoon passed over Yokohama and its neighborhood on the night of Sept. 11. Hundreds of buildings, in some cases whole blocks at a time, were leveled to the ground, and in the city alone hundreds of thousands of dollars' damage was done.

—The visitors from Central and South America inspected the Devr Island institutions on Sunday, and in the afternoon were driven about the suburbs. This forenoon they will go to Lowell and Lawrence and to-night will visit the Hollis Street Theatre, leaving town at the close of the performance.

THE CONFERENCE.

(Continued from Page 5.)

will be declared. This dividend will realize for the depositors about 62-1/2 per cent. of the entire amount they had on deposit. Many of our members and most of the ministers of this district were losers by the reckless management of that institution.

The pastor at Grand Isle reports that the full amount of the appropriation for missions (\$45) was raised last Sunday. He has been doing up with missionary intelligence and enthusiasm for some time, and simply poured out on the waiting people what they wanted to know, and as naturally expected, they quickly, gladly and generously responded. The work is going well on the charge.

Montpelier District.

Pr. F. Bishop of the Seminary has been engaged by State Superintendent Palmer to speak at several county institutes during the fall and winter. This is a deserved compliment to both Principal Bishop and the school.

The October session of the Montpelier Preachers' Meeting has been announced to take place in the vestry of Trinity Church, Monday, Oct. 7. Rev. F. W. Lewis, of Randolph, is to read an essay on "Correlation of Events." From what is known of the speaker, it is expected that the essay will be scholarly and instructive.

It was a very natural and graceful thing for the people of Rochester to invite Rev. Dr. A. L. Cooper to preach the dedication sermon for their new church edifice. Dr. Cooper is a native of Rochester, and is universally beloved by his townsmen.

For some time the writer of these notes has been trying to get an item from Pastor Webb at Northfield, but in vain. The column of births in the Northfield News shows what has preoccupied his mind. It is a boy, and the Herald extends its congratulations.

The concert given in the Opera House at Montpelier under the auspices of the Seminary, at which "Blind Perry" was the principal musician, was pronounced to be a decided success. The best part of the capital were present in large numbers.

Pastor L. Hugh, of Montpelier, realizes that the lecture series is at hand, and is announced to deliver a lecture on "How to Get There," at Northfield, on the evening following the dedication, and to read his celebrated poem on the "Country Parson" the next evening. A rich treat in store for the people of that place.

Rev. O. D. Clapp, of Marshfield, was lately called to his old parish of Walsfield to perform

a marriage ceremony, Pastor Howe being away on a vacation.

Bro. Daniel Hopkins, one of the leading members of our church at Waterbury Centre, was the foreman of the Grand Jury at its recent session at Montpelier. Bro. Hopkins is a staunch temperance man, and under his vigorous lead a goodly number of cases were sent up to the county court for trial.

Mrs. A. B. Truax was one of the ladies that represented the Montpelier W. C. T. U. at the meeting of the State organization at Burlington last week.

The enrollment at the Seminary has reached 247, and the returns are not yet all in.

Rev. E. E. Reynolds, of Ludlow, has been visiting friends in the district.

The repairs on the Northfield Methodist church are nearly completed, and services have been announced to be held in the body of the church the first Sunday in October.

The quarterly meeting at Stone was attended by Pastor Bartlett, of Waterbury Centre. Bro. Bartlett's spiritual ministrations were most appreciated.

RECYCLE.

Montpelier.—Several years ago the trustees of the Vermont Methodist Seminary decided to have an engraving of the Seminary made, and expecting that they would have a fountain some time, they placed one in the picture. This "fountain" has been the butt of so many jokes, that faculty and trustees alike would be glad to remove the picture or have the genuine article. The class of '90 have decided to take the matter into their hands, and ask the alumni and friends of the school to assist in placing on the campus a fountain to cost not less than \$500. Compete judges affirm that the school has the finest campus of any school of its grade in New England, and this will form a nucleus around which other improvements will be made. Bro. Hughes already sees the fountain sending up its sprays of water, and has promised to write the poem for the dedication.

The school has the largest attendance this fall that it ever has had; 244 have now registered. Let the friends of the school be ready to help, and then come and assist in the dedication next June.

Probably your grandmother when a child, knew and used Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

A WOMAN IN TIME. To those who are meditating a new Civil Service we want to say a word in time. Don't buy a last year's pattern. The 1889 provisions are many, and they do not increase the cost. It is simply a question of a lesson and knowledge of styles.

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